My loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are infinite:
I heare some noyse within, deare Loue adue:
Anon good Nurse, sweet *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
Ro. O blessed, blessed night, I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweet to be substantiall.
Iu. Three words deare *Romeo*, & goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of loue be honourable,
Thy purpose Marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the rights
And all my fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,
And follow thee my Loue throughout the World. Madam.
I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,
I doe beseech thee (by and by I come) Madam.
To cease thy sute, and leaue me to my griefe,
To morrow will I send.
Ro. So thriue my soule.
Iu. A thousand times good-night.
Ro. A thousand times the worse to want thy sight,
Loue goes toward loue as Schoole-boyes from their Bookes,
But loue from loue, toward Schoole with heauie lookes.

Enter Iuliet *againe.*

Iu. Hist *Romeo*, hist, O for a Falkners voice,
To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe,
Bondage is hoarse, and may speake aloude,
Else would I teare the Caue where Eccho lyes,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then myne
With repetition of my *Romeo*.
Ro. It is my loue that cals vpon my name.
How siluer sweet, sound Louers tongues by night,
Like softest Musicke to attending eares.
Iu. Romeo.
Rom. My Deere.
Iul. What a clock to morrow

Shall I send to thee?
Ro. By the houre of nine.
Iuli. I will not faile, tis twentie yea
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe
Ro. Let me stand here till thou rem
Iuli. I shall forget, to haue thee still
Remembring how I loue thy company.
Ro. And Ile still stay, to haue thee st
Forgetting any other home but this.
Iuli. Tis almost morning, I would ha
And yet no farther then a wantons Bird
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like poore Prisoner in his twisted gyue
And with a silken thred plucks it backe
So louing Iealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy Bird.
Iu. Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherisl
Good night, good night.
Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night, till it be m
Ro. Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peac
Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet
Hence will I to my ghostly Friers close C
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to

Enter Fryer alone with a B

Fri. The grey eyde morne smiles on
Checkring the Easterne Cloudes with st
And fleckeld darkenesse like a drunkard
From forth dayes path, and *Titans* burnin
Now ere the Sunne aduance his burning
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew
I must vpfill this Osier Cage of ours,
With balefull weeds, and precious iuyce
The earth that's natures mother in her To
What is her burying Graue, that is her w

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325a) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.25)